

The Untold Story of Nitrous and Notrous

by Notrous.Incarnated

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-01-14 00:14:05

Updated: 2014-01-14 00:14:05

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:43:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 5,811

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The Untold Story of Nitrous and Notrous was based off of a question constantly asked by many of my friends over xbox live about how I met one of my best friends, Kyle. The story follows Nitrous and Notrous through their lives as Spartan II's along with multiple other Spartans and their fight against the Covenant.

1. Prologue

Disclaimer: Halo is property of Bungie and 343 industries. All OC's belong to me.

* * *

><p>"Two years ago you were nothing; two years ago you lived a normal teenaged life destined to work behind an office desk, but here you all stand as humanity's finest soldiers, as humanity's creation. Humanity's greatest accomplishment and yet, 'still human', still merely flesh and blood." The Commander said as he stood in front of the crowd of men and women standing motionless saluting him. "In just two years you have been taught every tactical battle advantage that has ever existed and you have preformed them without hesitation to bitter perfection." The commander began to smirk but tried to hide his pride away from his platoon. He started to sway into an unsettling stance. He knew that the soldiers in front of him were some of the greatest he had ever laid eyes on but he knew this at a costs, the costs of knowing over the next month a quarter of them will be dead within a heartbeat. "However," he said as he coughed and returned to his speech. "You still have many more tests to overcome, in fact I don't expect all of you to survive them either" he regretfully announced as he watched a strike of sudden concern flood the platoon's faces. He glanced down upon the "fearless" men and women to see for the first time that they were nervous, that they were all struck off guard by his remark, all except two, his favorite trainee, Kyle Rayburn. However the other he noticed was concerning to think of was Ryan Closs, he was the strangest trainee of the platoon

and preferred not to answer to anyone even his assigned
Capitan.<p>

The Commander remained silent as he collected his thoughts and confusion spread amongst the crowd. "What you will face in on the battlefield is an experience that is terrifying and gruesome" he steadily said as many of the men scuffled to remain in salute. "But whatever you face, always remember not to give up no matter how impossible the situation seems... You aren't just the finniest in the eyes of humanity, you are the greatest men and women that I have ever seen and that's something to be proud of. Now at ease and get some rest. Morning starts at 0300 and it's going to be a long day." The men and women then one by one left towards their private quarters and the commander departed back to the barracks.

2. Unsatisfactory Acquaintance

Disclaimer: Halo is property of Bungie and 343 industries. All OC's belong to me.

* * *

><p>Suddenly I was awakened by a loud crash followed by a friendly "oops." "What the hell was that?" I said as I got up from my mattress. "Umm I think I may have broken the radio" Dylan said quite frustrated. "Don't worry about it" I tiredly said as I tried to walk towards the mirror but struggled to do. "Ugh how come it hurts so much to move" I painfully asked Dylan. "Oh don't mind that it only lasts a few seconds, it must've been a side effect from the surgery." He stated while tinkering with what was left of the radio. "Yeah I guess, I truthfully forgot about that happening." I recalled as I examined my reflection in the mirror. I looked across my chest and could see the Stitches from where the surgery was conducted and I started to feel sick, knowing that I have become a military experiment that they so proudly portray as the Spartan-IIs. I cautiously started to look up towards my face dreading the out coming look from the surgery. I sighed with the relief to know that my face was still the way it was before the surgery "Don't worry they left your pretty face alone." He jokingly announced. I shot a threatening look towards him to realize he actually did break the radio. "Apparently during the surgery they made us quite a bit stronger because I went to hit the wake up alarm and busted the damn thing all to hell." He said getting even more annoyed. I took another glance at my face through the mirror; I saw my short brown hair down to my eyebrows almost touching my bluish green eyes, then my chiseled chin. I ran my fingers through my hair and was shocked to find a outcropping into the back of my head. "What the hell is this?" I screamed. "Calm down it's just a neural implant so that you can interface with a new armor we are getting apparently." Dylan unfocusedly stated. "New armour?" I pondered quietly to myself as I continued to feel the Implant's outcropping. "Hey Dylan, I think I'm going to take a walk around the Barrack's corridors." I said as I walked towards the door. "Don't wander off too far, because the medical bay is still in use. Some people haven't finished undergoing the surgery." Dylan advised. I ignored his remark and left the room. I had to see what they did to me; I had to know what they did to me.<p>

I walked toward the medical bay doors and saw multiple gurneys go by,

all of them with people from my platoon laying on them, passed out with similar scaring from the surgeries; I feared that some of them may never be the same people I used to know back in basic training. Suddenly I saw a pair of medical bay doors swing open and a familiar looking man walked out, after a bit of thought I Realized that it was Ryan Closs. I noticed that he had also just finished the surgery however he was conscious and the scaring seemed to have healed quite fast because it was barely visible. He seemed to be in a bit of pain as he entered the hall but tried to refrain from showing it. "Hey are you ok man?" I asked him with concern. He drew all of his attention to me and he stared unpleasantly as he said "That's none of your concern" then he violently elbowed me in the ribs. I almost collapsed to the ground from shock. "What the hell is your problem?" I angrily stated as I held my now bruised chest. "Mind your own business Kyle" he stated as he walked towards the firing range. "Don't worry about him, he's an asshole" someone said as they walked towards me. "The names Jamie, Jamie Rosseti" the man said as he went to shake my hand. "Nice to meet you, I'm Kyle Rayburn" I responded accepting the gesture. "So have you heard about this new armour we are supposed to get?" I asked. "yeah and in matter of fact I've seen it, they were moving it into the main deck." He stated excitedly then his mood dropped backed to what seemed to be his normal. "Well I heard that at we are going to be running skirmishes while wearing them" he said attentively. Just as he finished talking the ships comms had come online with a decently loud screech. "All Spartan personnel report to the op center for debriefing and equipment testing." The comms announced. "let's get down there." I suggested as we began to walk towards the op center.

3. Other Side of the Coin

Disclaimer: Halo is property of Bungie and 343 industries. All OC's belong to me.

* * *

><p>Notrous's perspective

"Great I wonder what this is about?" my roommate Erik asked even though he already knew the answer. "Shut up and tell me what's going on, you obviously know." I impatiently said shoving him. "Hey calm down and I will tell you Ryan." He laughed. "Fine" I rudely responded. "The meeting is about our new armours we get today and how to use them, we also learn how to..." he tried to say as I cut him off. "Look there the smart-ass Private first class 'leader of ours' Kyle!" I jokingly stated as I pointed towards him. "He looks a little hurt what did you do?" Erik asked. "I just gave him a little trouble for rooting around in my space, anyway as you were saying" I stated as I tried to change the subject. "The armours we get are designed to fit our battle records, the suits match our behaviour because of the implants we had, they are just basics for now but each pair has different armour calibrations." He stated in a smartass remark. "Wait what do you mean pairs?" I confusingly asked. "the suits are paired up in twos, each set goes to a pair of roommates, however since I am a senior officer and have been here longer than you guys, I get to pick my suit that will enhance my skills the best." He bragged. "Thanks a lot buddy now I'm probably stuck with some deadweight teammate that can't hold his own." I regrettably stated. Then suddenly the lights in the ops center dimmed and 10 rows of double

set armour lowered from the ceiling attached to operating machines fidgeting to finish last adjustments. The commander stood in front of the suits but swayed uneasily as if he wanted to keep his distance from them, he then straightened up and smirked. "Welcome Spartans, I'm glad to see that you all successfully recovered from surgery and as a celebration we have some gear for you. This gear isn't a toy and will become part of your day to day life. So before you rush to your armour, petty officer Erik would like to explain a little on how they work" the commander stated as he anxiously turned the attention towards Erik. Erik began to talk but i didn't listen, I was too busy trying to spot out which armour had my tag on it. I glanced back and forth at the suits then at my uniform reading off my newly received pin. "SL13, SL14, SL16, SL17! There it is!" I thought in my head while the debriefing continued. I examined the armour thoroughly; it appeared to be a sniper classification noticeable by the 50cal rounds attached in an ammo holster along the left leg-plate. And the narrow pointed helmet that read Mjollnir mk 6 scout along the edge. I got to thinking how many tactics that were thought to be impossible that are now possible but then I heard Erik finishing up his speech. "... and as I said before the armour is linked directly to your motor functions so take baby steps people, now go ahead and suit up. We have matches to run in these bad boy's first thing tomorrow morning." He stated as he went towards the mass of people scuttling around suits. I decided not to wait until the commotion died down and I went straight towards my designated suit and stepped onto its platform. Suddenly I felt the machines come to life around me as it raised the platform I stood on into the ceiling from where it came, it raised me up into a cubical room that had very little light where a thin black one-piece nano-suit laid across a bench I stripped down and put the nano-suit on as I was instructed to do by the A.I controlling the machines, once i had the suit on the machines then circled around me until they reached the main points from the surgery. " this can't be good" I remarked as they began to start up. They re-punctured the holes that were left open from the surgery and to my surprise it didn't hurt as awfully as I thought it would but that was to be expected with my high pain tolerance I thought to myself as I twitched and jerked as the machines ended the insertion. They moved back towards the suit that stood in front of me and to my amazement they took it apart chunk by chunk and re assembled it on me. I felt as if someone had dropped a anvil on my back as the torso was reformed across me, "how the hell am I ever going to carry this weight across the battlefield and still be able to fight?" I thought to myself as the final adjustments to the armour were made then I put on the helmet and it all became clear. With a vibrant flash of light across the visor the suit came to life and suddenly the anvil I carried became part of my strength, I felt stronger than before, faster than before and a hell of a lot deadlier than before. I became the machine people dreamed about, the guardian people wished for and the solider I needed to be. The HUD on my visor displayed my heart rate, GPS and a motion tracker. I picked up my sidearm that lay on the bench with my uniform, my visor blinked and displayed the sidearm and the ammo it had. "Great it even has a flashing reminder for when I have no ammo" I announced a loud to myself. Suddenly I heard a slight patchy sound from an incoming signal. "Yeah we put that in just for you and btw your suit transmits to the rest of your team." Erik stated from over the comms. "Yeah I knew that." I embarrassingly lied as I stood back on the platform. I felt the platform lower back down towards the ops center floor and I could already see some of the others had already began testing out each other's strengths and speeds by having races and trying to pick up the heaviest vehicles

that were parked around the room. It was a odd sight to see because since the suit corresponds with your thoughts and actions you literally had to think stop running in order to stop running. There were people crashing into tables and walls every couple minutes. "Well at least we know the suits are durable." Somebody said as they approached. "Nice to meet somebody that has as much of a level head as myself he said as he pointed towards the group of Spartans trying to lift a tank but failing. "Who might you be?" I asked in slight disarray. "Spartan Team Leader Clayton at your service" he responded. I instantly snapped to a salute, soo fast I ended up knocking myself on my ass. "At ease Ryan, don't hurt yourself" he said as he helped me up from the ground. "Hey how did you know my name?" I asked suspiciously. "If you concentrate on the person you're talking to your suit will bring up all the available information about that person based off of their voice identification, try it with me." Clayton said while staring back off at the others. I focused on him as best as I could and sure enough he was right his file came right up.

"Spartan â€" CM98 Clayton Bankiestmen,

Leader of Spartan team Claymore.

Personal files indicate sociopathic behaviour on numerous accounts, however natural for subjects from the Spartan II project; he displays admirable traits as a team leader and shows great signs of success in future scenarios. /Redacted/ High level clearance required.

"Wow that's actually pretty useful...hey what does mine say?" I asked. " oh just something about you being a hot headed sniper that has an abnormally fast body repair rate, pretty much meaning when you get hit you don't care." He replied carelessly. "Great now I know that I'm not one to be fucked with."I boasted. "Yeah, so anyway me and a bunch of other Spartans are going down to the barracks for a beer and some time to chit-chat do you wanna tag along?" Clayton asked anxiously. "Sure I'll join ya" I said as we walked down to exit to the hall. "So have you found out what team you're on for the skirmish tomorrow?" Clayton asked. "Nah not yet but I'll ask my roommate when I get back cause were probably on the same side" I replied. "Well whatever team you're on I wish you the best." he reclaimed. "Thanks" I stated. We walked over to the lounge and sat down next to a group of Spartans who I quickly identified.

Malcom Bishop

Theta team leader- CQC

Penelope Knight

Pvt of Phantom team- Heavy weapon/support gunner

Heather Goreman

Cpl of Claymore team- Explosive weapon specialist

Thomas Guantly

Pvt of team Shameless-mute personality

Zac Webber

Pvt of team Shameless-CQC/vehicle specialist

"So is this the famous shit disturber from back in training?" Zac asked. "Yeah in matter of fact it is but he's changed now he talks more" Clayton replied as he let out a short laugh. I examined their armours to see that none of them had the same set as me they had heavier sets that left little room for adjustments, the thought of having close to no gaps between the armours plates sickened me but I refrained from talking about it, "better to make friends than enemies" I thought to myself as I listened to the others talk. I saw a blinking icon at the bottom right of my HUD and I activated it, it seemed to have been a separate channel for comms and others were in the channel. "Hey Ryan have you set up your tactical name for the battlefield yet?" Malcom asked. "No I haven't I'll probably wait until I have finished the skirmish tomorrow." I responded. "Speaking of which you should probably head back to your room and adjust your armour because you look a little light weight for a Spartan, or at least from what I've seen so far." He said in an orderly fashion. I figured it would be best not to argue because his armour had him set to take in a tank and mine is based off stealth so I backed down and left the discussion.

On my way back to my room I thought of what customizations I could make to my armour without countering any of the armours systems, but all that thought came to an end rather quickly when I entered my room. "Shit, not you again what are you doing here?" I said as I glared at Kyle. "Likewise to you there asshole, I was transferred to this room when Petty Officer Erik switched armours." He said returning an unwelcoming look. I looked around the room to notice a strange device lying on my side table. I walked over to it and picked it up to examine it. "So I see you like my disassemble device" Kyle said contently. "Like it, what the hell is it?" I asked quite curiously. "Well we weren't supposed to get these until tomorrow before the match but I actually want to get some sleep tonight, what it does is it helps remove and equip your Mjollnir armour so that you can rest and exercise with your normal attributes, well whatever your normal is after the surgery." He said as he threw his sidearm up onto the bottom bunk. "well I'm going to go get mine but I'll be back so don't touch any of my stuff" I threatened him as I threw the device aside. "I have a question, what is your problem with me?" Kyle asked.

"You're all talk but when it actually comes to a fight I bet I'll to have to cover your ass because you won't be able to." I responded as I left the room.

4. Teamed Up

Disclaimer: Halo is property of Bungie and 343 industries. All OC's belong to me

* * *

><p>Nitrous's Perspective

"...I'll have to cover your ass because you won't be able to." And just like that Ryan marched down towards the op center in a hurry. I decided to disregard his threat and I opened his side table and

ransacked through it until I found the one thing I never suspected to find. I found his secrets, I found his lifelong pain. There in my hand I held a picture of two boys around the age of 13 sitting beside each other, one of them appeared to be older. The younger one resembled Ryan himself. The picture had a caption written under it. 'Michael & Ryan, 2549' It suddenly occurred to me that when we were all taken he lost more than his parents he lost his brother, everyone else's siblings were recovered alongside them but not his. I threw all of his belonging back into the nightstand and crawled back up onto my bunk hoping that when he returns he won't notice any misplacement. I heard his unsteady footsteps coming back towards the room then they stopped just outside the door, CRASH! I jumped off the bunk and onto the floor to see what the commotion was all about but to my amazement I saw a horribly injured Spartan lying outside the door. Everyone from the surrounding rooms we all standing outside with questioned looks on their faces all wondering the same thing. "What the hell happened to him?" one of the Spartans said. I examined his armour to see if I recognized him. He was wearing E.O.D specialist armour that had been customized to be light blue with black stripes. His IDN stated him to be a Spartan named Callum Downey from Shameless Team. He had blood dripping from his nano-suit near the back of his torso plate it was located awfully close to his spine. "He's been shot in the back!" another Spartan announced. "No, he hasn't!" I stated as I examined the area closer. "It looks as if he was beat with a blunt object." I reassuringly announced. I turned him over to see if he sustained any injuries from the front and to my relief he hadn't. Just then Ryan walked around the corner with the device he went to retrieve; he made his way through the crowd of Marines and Spartans and saw Callum and I on the ground. He threw the device to the ground which ended up breaking it and then he ran towards us. "Have there been any injuries to him?" he asked. "Yes he has sustained injuries on his back near his spinal cord." I stated. "Go get the disassembler!" he shouted. I got up and ran into the dorm grabbed my device and tossed it to him. He caught it then started to take apart his chest plate. "Get a gurney down here stat!" he shouted at a marine. The marine then took off towards the medical bay. "He's broken a rib, whoever hit him they did it intentionally and he didn't see it coming." Ryan said as he finished removing Callum's armour. The marine returned with two medical officers and a gurney. "Sir, how's he doing?" the marine asked worriedly. "Marine, get down to the forward command deck. I think the Commander would like to know about this, don't worry about him he's in good hands now." Ryan said to the marine as he carried Callum over to the gurney. The marine nodded then departed yet again.

I rushed down to the medical bay a little later to find out how Callum was holding up but had to wait outside the room because he had to undergo surgery. Apparently when he got hit it damaged the nerves in and around that section of his spine. The surgery didn't take long though, the medics knew what they were doing however they said that he would take some time to fully recover from the injury but he is awake. I walked into the room and stood beside Ryan who was taking care of Callum. "How's he holding up?" I asked. "Well, he should still be able to compete in tomorrow's match but I wouldn't recommend it. Other than that he should be fine." Ryan responded. "Whenever I find that SOB that did this I going to knock them on their ass show them their place." Ryan murmured then stood up. Just then Callum faintly pointed towards his armour in the corner. "Letter ...from ...Command" he said then fell back asleep. I walked over to his suit and opened up some of the compartments but there wasn't any letter on

the armour. "The letter is on the table over there, I obtained it while looking for any reason he might have gotten jumped for. It's addressed to you." Ryan said while pointing towards the table. I walked towards the table and opened the letter to read it.

UNSC COMMAND

Pvt. 1st class Kyle Rayburn,

It has come to my attention that change among the team's rosters has occurred regarding the team transfer of Pvt. Maverick to Spartan Team Claymore. This transfer has created slight complications within the teams leaving Spartan Team Shameless with a disadvantage. Therefore you have also been transferred from Spartan Team Claymore to Spartan Team Shameless. You have been chosen to be transferred into Fire team 1 and are to be paired alongside Pvt. Ryan during field operations. This change takes effect immediately.

Sincerely,

Captain Caussnik of Frigate Serenity

O.C

I felt my heart stop then plummet towards the ground as the thought came to my head. "Oh god, I have to deal with Ryan out on the field." He shot me a stunned look as if I had just burst into flames. "What is it?" He asked. I tossed him the letter and watched as he read it over. I saw the same thought pass through his mind; he glared up at me with a look of depression passing across his face then turned his attention towards Callum. "I thought this was the worst news I'd receive all day but I guess I was wrong." He stated with slight disbelief. He then got up and left the room. I looked over at Callum and he was sound asleep it appeared to me that these were no longer drills that we are doing. These are the warm-ups before the game the rest before the fight, people will die if I make mistakes and I can't let it happen. I decided to give Callum the rest he needed and to go get some sleep for tomorrow's match. I headed back down the hallway towards my room. Everyone looked at me with concern; they were terrified because they realized the same thing I realized. They realized that they're in the "big leagues" now that they aren't as invincible as they thought they were. I continued down the hallways until I got to my room I noticed that Ryan had already gotten to the room and was taking off his armour to customize it. "I hope you're not modifying your armour already you still got to teach me how to use these things" I said sarcastically. "No I'm just adding a little colour and a few minor tweaks to the HUD mainframe and I upgraded the motion sensor to... um well it's not done yet." He replied while tinkering with his helmet. A spark shot out of his helmet and ricocheted off a nearby wall. He puzzlingly looked into his helmet as if he completely destroyed it. "Well looks like I downgraded the motion sensor to, well broken." He said as he stopped tinkering with it and set it aside. I sat down and watched him work on his gear with amusement. After a while I tried to fall asleep but I couldn't because Ryan had all of his shit on my bunk. "Hey why don't you claim the bottom bunk and I get the top one?" I asked him. "Sure whatever I don't care." He replied while drawing sketches for his armour detailing. I climbed up to the top bunk and started to climb up to my bunk and lie down to sleep I never decided to remove my armour because I didn't want to end up like Callum. Poor Callum he never saw

it coming, oh well I should probably get some rest in I thought to myself and my armour powered down as I closed my eyes.

5. The Debriefing

Disclaimer: Halo is property of Bungie and 343 industries. All OC's belong to me.

* * *

><p>Notrous's Perspective

I finished the detailing on my armour to hear the ships comms come to life once again. "All Spartan personal please report to the barracks for skirmish debriefing and weapon calibrations and mission debriefing. Kyle rolled out of bed, quite literally and fell onto a pile of tools used to take apart my armour. He yelped in slight pain. "OW Fuck! Why do you keep your shit in the middle of the floor?" He said as he wiped blood off of his forehead from a deep cut from a decompression tool that lay upon the pile. "Umm sorry to tell you dude but that's all of your crap. You used it to take off YOUR armour yesterday when you went to bed." I said as I put my helmet back on. "Oh yeah damn, well let's stop fighting and get down to the barracks."

He gave me a strong hit in the ribs causing me to stumble back into my bunk. "Come on get up off your ass and let's go." He said as he dragged me out of the room. As I walked down to the barrack I saw many of the other Spartans still struggling to get out of bed and get down to the barracks. "Hey dumbass, over here!" I looked over to see my good friend Ehric Haggard standing by a crowd of marines along with another Spartan wearing a set of E.O.D specialized armour. "I'd like to introduce you to Private Zac Webber, he's one of us." Said Ehric quite contently. "Yeah I can see that he is a Spartan there Hags. I'm not blind you know." I responded in a rather confused fashion. "No that's not what I mean you idiot, I meant that he is on our team. He's Shameless as well." He stated trying to correct himself. "Not to intrude but I'm pretty sure that Clayton already introduced us. I'm Callum Downey's partner so we might be a man down for the match because he is with us also." Zac concerned as he stepped away from the marines to join the conversation. "Hey Spartans, Callum will be in the match; he got out of the infirmary this morning. I just thought you should know." A marine informed. "well isn't that great news. Let's head down to the barracks before the debriefing starts without us." I suggested as began to walk towards the barracks once more.

When we got to the barracks Captain Causssnik was already explaining the conditions of the match. "...now the ammunition supplied to you while in combat against other Spartans will always be plasma or stun rounds depending on the purpose of the battle. This battle's main objective is to test your physical and mental feats under pressure. As of 1800 tonight we will be converging with Spirit of Vengeance to assist them with the exploration of a newly discovered shield world. "He took a deep breath and went to continue but was interrupted by a few Spartans. "What is the name of this Shield World?". "Well Spartans if you didn't interrupt me you would know by now that it doesn't have a name, it is just newly discovered. I'll keep you informed though when the name is picked. Spartans, it's time to see

what you are made of, and remember; this not the same as live combat. Your enemies won't be as nice as some of your teammates and rival teams. Now each team will Enter the corresponding side of the VCA deck as according to your new Service tags."

A light flashed in the bottom right of my HUD again.

/New Intel/

Service Identification changed. New Service tag: SLSR

Active effect: Immediately

I saluted then left them assembly and proceeded towards the Virtual Combat Arena. When I finally arrived I saw the silver crest above each door way and on them read each team's insignia: EPSILON, PHANTOM, THETA, SHAMELESS, CLAYMORE. Each door bared a similar crest but had only an assortment of letters instead: EPL, PNT, THA, SLS, and CLM. I saw my fellow Spartans enter the doors one by one until there was no one left. Everyone entered except me. I couldn't, I tried but I didn't want to. What if there is a malfunction I kept thinking, what if someone I know gets hurt because of me.

"What seems to be troubling you son?" Caussnik said as he approached the observation deck.

"Nothing sir, I was just having a stretch before I kick some ass." I stated while I proceeded through the door.

The Room was empty; except for the other Spartans and five nodes around the room also marked with different team insignias and names. Each door seemed to correspond with each of the nodes.

The loud comms came to life with an unfamiliar voice bleeding through it.

"Welcome Spartans, I am the overseer of all VCA skirmishes. My name is not important however what I say may very well save your life within these battles. While you are in the VCA your suit transmits your shield integrity and your pulse to the observation room. Once your shield integrity reaches 0% your shields will disable and your armour will shut down. If your pulse is faint then it will indicate on your HUD with a flashing red light at the top right of the HUD. This will also give you the option to power down your armour manually instead of having someone else do it with their own means. During this skirmish there will be one vehicle located somewhere on the premises. This vehicle will be available for the team that reaches it first and manages to secure the area, only then will it operational. The vehicle is programmed to shut down upon the driver's incapacitation. This is not a lone wolf operation. This is a tactical team evaluation and will be supervised heavily by Capitan Caussnik and Lieutenant Siguar. Best of luck and May the most efficient team win."

The Comms terminated the signal and each of the nodes roared to life.

End
file.